



The Memnonium of Seti I., at Abydos.

cook, might possibly find his father. As the father was an Ababdeh and generally wintered in the desert, it seemed an off chance, but Abderachman was hopeful and departed on his search with the mate as companion. They had just left when the wind allowed us to move on. As we passed the village of Guft, a figure waved to us from shore and proved to be the wandering parent whom our cook was scouring the desert for. In the queer way of this country news had reached the old man of the *Dodo's* presence. Our felucca was sent to fetch the visitor on board, and he came gladly, thinking his son would appear any moment. As a matter of fact, he did not appear till next morning, when we were at Dendera. The fond parent sat unperturbed for twenty-four hours, while he drifted farther and farther from his home. He was fed and warmed and given a cigar that nearly made him ill during the interval.

March 17th.—We celebrated P's

birthday at Dendera with a glorious ride through poppy land and barley fields, till we reached the lovely temple with its Hathor columns rising against the blue and mauve and pink of the early morning sky. We have seen such glories in the way of temples that it is hard to make comparison. In their different ways they all seem best. It is an ever-increasing marvel that colour should last so long, the great masses of stone holding with pristine freshness the paintings brushed in with so much grace 2,000 years and more ago. We explored the crypts, a creepy, crawly performance I do not want to duplicate. C. went down first and left a fat leg protruding so long that we called after him to ask if he had forgotten it. When we followed we realised his difficulties. A twisty hole at the top of crumbling steps, which had to be descended with a lighted candle in one hand, was not an easy problem. But when we had solved it, we found we were inside a jewel box, for